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WORLD REPORT

Published by AMALGAMATED FLYING SAUCER CLUBS of
AMERICA, Inc. in cooperation with Hundreds of Independent
Flying Saucer Research Groups Throughout the World.

Gabriel Green, Founder - President



SPECIAL
COMBINED ISSUE
NO. 13, 14, 15

THE REINHOLD SCHMIDT STORY

\$1⁰⁰

JANUARY through JUNE, 1960



REINHOLD O. SCHMIDT

"Before my contacts with the Space People, I didn't believe, I didn't disbelieve. But now after several trips aboard their Spaceships, they sure have made a believer out of me."

THE REINHOLD SCHMIDT STORY . . .

"My Contact with the Space People"

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF EXPERIENCES WITH PEOPLE FROM ANOTHER PLANET

by REINHOLD SCHMIDT

Introduction

My life was a normal one, by average world standards, until November 5, 1957. At that time an experience took place which I never dreamed would happen to me. I was born on February 16, 1897, in Kenesaw, Nebraska, of German-American parents. However, my home and business are now in Bakersfield, California. My daughter and her family live in Livermore, California, and my two sons who are also married, live in Woreland, Wyoming. As a salesman and a grain-buyer, I have spent much time traveling for a Brawley, California firm whose operations also extend to corn-picking and shelling in Wilcox, Arizona. However, my travels have taken me mainly to the middle west, in negotiations with grain-growing farmers. Perhaps all my excursions had something to do with my being contacted by beings from another planet, for certainly there would not have been a similar opportunity if I had worked at a regular office job.

Many of you will believe, and others will laugh at, my claims of these contacts. Especially fantastic to some people is the fact that I was subsequently taken for rides in their space craft. Not only are these things true, but also, these wonderful people from another world have taught me more about our own planet Earth than I could possibly have learned through the usual channels of books, newspapers, radio and television.

My experiences since 1957 are recorded in the Congressional records of the United States. It may surprise you to know that in the Pentagon in Washington, D. C., there are five offices with a personnel of twenty-five men and women who work exclusively on reports concerning Unidentified Flying Objects and allied subjects.

Since my first contact with a space ship and its six occupants from another planet, I have lectured all over the United States and in Canada. Before that unexpected encounter, I had never been a "Flying Saucer" fan. I had, however, heard and read of people who claimed personal contacts with space beings. My reaction was: maybe they're true; maybe not. I kept an open mind. But I had always been a man who kept his feet on solid ground, with little time for delving into subjects that were out of the ordinary. Then . . . it happened to ME!

The Kearney Incident

On a misty November 5, 1957, I finished my work about 2:30 p.m. It had been a busy day of inspecting fields of milo and corn a few miles from Kearney, Nebraska, which is about thirty miles from Kenesaw, my birthplace. (Incidentally, Kearney is the exact center of the United States, being just 1,733 miles from both San Francisco and Boston.) I was driving near an old sand bed on the Platte River, and close by was an abandoned farm house. It seemed like a good place to turn my car around but, as I started to do so, there was a brilliant flash of light a short distance ahead. I drove

Issue No. 13, 14, 15 AFSCA WORLD REPORT January - June, 1960

Official Journal

of the

AMALGAMATED FLYING SAUCER CLUBS OF AMERICA, Inc.

(A Non-profit Philanthropic, Educational, Religious
and Scientific Research Organization)

Dedicated to

The Physical, Spiritual, and Economic Emancipation of Man

Cover by Lawrence Blazey

GABRIEL GREEN, Editor-Publisher

A bi-monthly publication. 12 issues of "AFSCA World Report" for \$3.00 includes AFSCA membership and benefits. The number typed after your name on the address label indicates the issue number with which your subscription expires. Issues #4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9 are available for 25c each. Issues #10, 11 and 12 are available for 35c each or 3 for \$1.00. Special combination of issues #13, 14 and 15—\$1.00. Foreign currency is acceptable. 12 issue subscriptions may start with any issue number. World copyright reserved. Editorial quotations permitted if source is acknowledged. Please make all checks payable to: AFSCA, 2004 N. Hoover Street, Los Angeles 27, California. U.S.A. Phone: NOrmandy 2-1145. Cable Address: "Utopia."

on to investigate what I thought might be someone blasting trees, although I had heard no noise. Within a hundred feet of the river bank my car engine suddenly stopped. I turned the ignition off and on several times, thinking that perhaps the battery had gone dead or that maybe the rough road had jiggled some wiring loose. As I started to get out of the car to check the engine, I noticed something ahead that appeared to be a large, half-inflated balloon. When I walked toward it, skirting a clump of willow trees and tall grass, it was obvious that it was not a balloon, but a great, silvery craft which seemed to be made of some kind of metal, such as polished steel or aluminum. It was resting on what I later found out to be four hydraulic rams serving as landing gear, but it looked like some sort of balloon more than anything else.

As I came within about thirty feet of it, a tiny stream of light, about as big around as a pencil, shot out from it and hit me across the chest. It seemed as if I were suddenly paralyzed; I could not move. Maybe I was only scared stiff but, before I could analyze my feelings, a door in the ship slid open and two men came out of it toward me. They asked if I were armed and, although I said no, they frisked me anyway, but they took nothing from me.

After regaining some of my composure and discovering that I could move again, I asked them what they were doing here, what kind of craft they had there, and where they were from. One of the men did the talking. He was evidently the leader and I shall refer to him hereafter as Mr. X. He spoke English with a German accent and said that they couldn't answer those particular questions at that time. However, when I asked to come closer in order to see the ship, Mr. X invited me aboard since, he said, they couldn't leave for a few minutes anyway. He said that I could look around inside but not to touch anything.

Inside The Ship

Besides the leader, there were three men and two women in the ship. The women were sitting behind a big desk on which there was a large frame which enclosed what looked like a viewing screen. At the same end of the ship were four columns of colored liquid: red, green, blue and orange. These tubes were approximately $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet high and 6 inches in diameter. The ladies seemed to be watching the liquid very closely as it moved slowly up and down, like the pistons in an automobile. The three men were working on an instrument panel that filled one side of the room. I saw one of them clip off some short wires. The panel was filled with clocks, dials, buttons and switches. In the center was a large screen which looked like our television screens, but it was not working while I was there.

The walls of the ship were about a foot thick and looked glassy. Oddly enough, I could see through them . . . the sky, the surrounding scenery, even the weeds and brush beneath us were visible! But, I remembered, looking at the ship from the outside it seemed to be made of a solid piece of metal. There were no portholes or windows. The only opening was the doorway.

All of these people had dark hair and what looked like sun-tanned skin. The men were about five-foot-eight inches tall and weighed about 170 pounds. I guessed the ladies' weight at about 120 pounds, and

they were about the same height as the men. They wore light-colored blouses, dark skirts and shoes with medium heels. Both the men's and women's clothing were similar to what we find here on our streets. Any one of them could have walked unnoticed among our people.

The instrument panel had no name or identification which might have disclosed the place of manufacture, but I did notice some Arabic numerals and some Roman numerals on it. However, there were no other figures or letters of any kind on either the inside or the outside of the ship.

Another thing that fascinated me was the way the crewmen glided, instead of walking, across the floor when they stepped back from the instrument panels! It seemed as though they were on a moving sidewalk, although I saw no moving parts . . . and when I tried it, it didn't work! I wondered if they had something special on their shoes.

When these people spoke among themselves they used high German, which I happen to understand, as I graduated from a school in which both German and English were taught. I could speak, read and write German at the time, and I still speak and understand it fairly well. But these people all spoke to me in English with a German accent.

Mr. X asked me if I knew anything about the United States' satellite program. When I replied that I did not, he said, "They're planning to send up some satellites, but the first two will never leave the ground. The third will go up, but it won't send back much data."

This prophecy has since proved true. The results of those flights were printed in newspapers all over the country.

After I had been inside the ship for about half an hour, one of the men who had been working on the panel said to another, "Wir sind fertig," which means "We are finished." Mr. X said to me, "You will have to leave now." I was relieved to hear that because, frankly, I had been a little bit concerned about ever getting off that ship again!

As I stepped onto the ground, the motor started. It sounded like a large electrical one, and it became quieter as it worked up momentum. It ran a few seconds and then the ship took off . . . straight up in the air! About 12 feet off the ground it turned pitch black. Then at about 100 feet it turned a bluish-green, and headed southwest. There was a brilliant flash, and then the ship absolutely disappeared before my eyes! I estimated the ceiling of the clouds that day to be only about 800 feet, but the ship had vanished at about 150 feet. A county official told me later that the craft had stalled a tractor, two cars, and a large truck . . . all of which had been beneath the path of the ship during its take-off.

During my first visit aboard the strange craft I had been told not to try to start my car until the ship was out of sight, and that an attempt to do so would be unsuccessful. Now I realized why my car had stalled earlier when I first approached the ship.

A Matter Of Record

It was about 3:15 p.m. when I returned to my car. I turned around and headed for Kearney. Suddenly, the significance of my experience hit me full force. I shook so violently that I had to stop the car and try to pull

myself together. Should I report what had happened or just keep quiet about it? I was afraid that no one would believe me and that I might even lose my job. Then I remembered both a radio and a television announcement that the government wanted volunteer skywatchers to report Unidentified Flying Objects. I decided that it was my duty as a citizen to report the whole thing.

First, I went to my minister's home to tell him about it and to ask his advice. He wasn't in. Then I drove to the Kearney police station and asked to see the sheriff, but he was on vacation. The desk clerk called the Deputy Sheriff at the courthouse and made an appointment for me to meet him there.

When I finished telling him everything that had happened that afternoon, he said, "Let's get out there." We went in his car. On the way he remarked, "This is quite a co-incidence. Did you hear the siren blow at noon today?"

"Yes," I said, "I was in my hotel room and I thought there was a fire."

"No," he replied, "someone called and reported a strange object in the sky, moving toward Kearney."

When we reached the place where I had seen the ship, we saw imprints of the four hydraulic rams on the dry bed of the Platte River. We also noticed some oil on the sand at the spot where the ship had stood. The oil was a dark green color, fine textured and sweet smelling. However, I could not be positive that it had come from the ship.

I suggested to the deputy that we rope off the area and post some guards. But he felt that other officials should first have a chance to investigate the matter.

When we returned to Kearney, he reported everything to the Chief of Police. The Chief asked me to accompany him to the site and also requested that the City Attorney and a reporter from the local newspaper go along, too. The next time we went out to the area of the strange ship's landing, the five of us drove in a police car with the siren going full blast all the way!

Everyone saw the imprints of the craft and the oil in the sand, and all agreed that there had been some kind of a large object there which had made the impressions. The deputy and I stepped off the distance between the prints and we estimated that the ship had been about 100 feet long and 30 feet wide. I guessed its height to be about 14 feet.

When I suggested again that we rope off the area and report to someone in higher authority, they said it would not be necessary since all five of us were convinced that a large ship had landed there.

We gathered some of the greenish oil in a small mustard glass which we found on the river bank. The Chief of Police said he would have it tested. Then we drove back to town and they dropped me off at the Fort Kearney Hotel, where I was staying.

At last, I thought, I've done my duty . . . told them everything that happened. Now I can relax. (Little did I realize that this was only the beginning of a chain of circumstances which made me almost regret that I had reported the occurrence. Yet, it was to lead to some of the most incredible experiences of my life.) I sat down in the lobby to watch television. Shortly, the local program was cut off for a special news flash: "SPACESHIP LANDS AT KEARNEY, NEBRASKA!! I was very much surprised because nothing had been said to me about making an announcement over the air. In fact, I had not even referred to the object as a spaceship, because

I didn't know what it was. I thought that perhaps it might have come from Russia, and that it was manned by a crew of German scientists getting data on the first Russian Sputnik which had been launched about a week before.

Within a half hour or so the Chief of Police called me to ask if I would come over and help answer the deluge of telephone calls. He was swamped! Reporters, photographers, citizens and officials were all asking for information. When I got to the police station, the Chief turned his office over to me. There were two telephones which rang incessantly and I did my best to handle them. The Chief took calls in the outer office.

There was absolute bedlam for about sixteen hours! Photographers and newsmen came in from surrounding cities and even from other states. At 9:00 p.m. the Chief of Police and I were interviewed on a local radio station, and at 10:00 a.m. we appeared on a local TV station. These programs were also released on national radio and TV networks.

The crowds of curious and interested people who flocked to Kearney caused a traffic jam for blocks around the police station. Inside there was "standing room only."

During the night I made several trips with various officials to the ship's landing area. The last time was at 3:00 a.m. and, even at that hour, there were about thirty cars there, and groups of people were milling around. There was much activity there all night long.

The Whole Story Changes

Back at the police station we were still answering 'phone calls and trying to keep a semblance of order. I was pretty tired after the long day of unusual events, but I had become aware of a change in the manner of the officials as they discussed my experience. Not only that, but the story they were now telling no longer sounded the same at all!

Suddenly, about 6:00 a.m. they asked me to say that my experience had not happened at all, and that it was a lie! They even asked that I change my story to match theirs! I was dumbfounded at this turn of events. I told them that they could tell whatever story they wanted to, but that I would not change mine unless the truth would jeopardize the security of the United States. They had no answer for that!

Then the Chief of Police asked me if I would submit to a test on the lie-detector.

"Not now," I said. "I'm hoarse from talking for sixteen hours and I'm very tired. However, I will take a test after I have had a few hours of rest . . . IF the other fellows will take one, too!"

There was no reply! When I indicated that I wanted to go back to my hotel room to get some sleep, the Chief of Police said that I couldn't because they were going to hold me. "For what reason?" I asked. They didn't know, they said, but they were just going to hold me, and they did.

To Jail Without a Warrant

Finally, I was allowed to go to bed . . . but it was in a cell in jail. In Kearney, the police station, the jail and the firehouse are all combined in one unit. So I had merely walked from the police station over to a cell in the jail, accompanied by an officer. I was not hand-

cuffed, however, and at all times they were courteous in their dealings with me, although I was jailed without a warrant.

When I got up a few hours later, I told them I was ready to take the lie-detector test, but they said then that it wouldn't be necessary. Later, while discussing the situation with Major Wayne Aho, he told me that I had been completely within my rights to refuse to take a test while I was in a state of fatigue, strain and hunger. However, I am still willing to take the test if the Kearney officials will do the same. So far, there have been no takers!

About 10 o'clock that same morning, the County Attorney came to see me. He said that they had evidence which proved that my experience was untrue and that I might just as well make up my mind to say so! He had with him two oil cans, one of which was found within a few feet of the spot where the ship "supposedly stood." The other can, open and half full, was of the same lot number and, he said, was found in the trunk of my car with the can opener beside it! Now who would leave an uncovered can half full of oil, standing in the trunk of his car?

I told him he would have to think of a better one than that. Either he or I could not see, or else all the officials of Kearney were blind, as well as five or six hundred other people who had walked up and down the river bed all the previous afternoon and night. (The first oil can was supposed to have been found just that morning, within a few feet of the place where the ship had been standing.) I suggested that the fingerprints be taken off the cans that were found but, as far as I know, nothing was ever done about them.

It seemed to me that the County Attorney looked a bit sheepish. I brought to his attention the fact that the cans which he had showed circular holes, and that the can opener I carried in my car cut a triangular hole. Also, the two cans in question were of the Veedol brand. The oil cans I carried then, (which are still in my car), are RPM and Skelly. A local radio announcer told me subsequently that the Veedol Company had announced that they sold more than five thousand cans of oil a day, and they wanted the public to know that their oil did not smell! Later, I discovered that some of the oil had been poured out into the trunk of my car and over my laundry.

Two Air Force officials had arrived in Kearney during the night from Colorado. The next morning about eleven o'clock, November 6th, I was taken over to the police station to talk with them. They recorded my whole experience on tape as I told it to them. During this session, one of the Kearney officials happened to wonder out loud just how the ship could go straight up when it took off. One of the Air Force men forgot himself for a moment and admitted, "Oh, we know all about that."

Soon after that meeting, some of the local officials went back on radio and television and announced that my experience was a hoax. I was confined to jail again and was allowed no telephone calls or outside contacts. I was told sometime later that my employer had tried to reach me for three successive days, via person-to-person calls, but to no avail.

On November 7th, two days after my encounter with the ship, it was suggested that I have a mental test. I asked permission to call my brothers so that they could bring me an attorney, but my request was denied.

"We have good attorneys here in Kearney," I was told. Running through a list of attorneys in the 'phone book, an official pointed to one and said, "Here's a good fellow." They called him in and I found out that he was the Assistant City Attorney. His first words to me were, "We don't believe your story and we want you to change it!" (And this was the person they wanted to "defend" me!)

"Well, I have news for you," I said to him. "If that's the way you feel, I don't want you for my lawyer!" The following day it was announced in the paper that I had an attorney of my own choice!

... In A Mental Hospital

About eleven o'clock that same night, November 7th, I was called to a meeting of a mental-hearing board, consisting of the Chief of Police, the County Attorney, the District Court Clerk, the Deputy Sheriff, and a doctor. The meeting was held behind locked doors in a room above the fire department. (A local radio announcer heard about the meeting and wanted to attend, but he could get no information from anyone until it was all over. Then he had to glean what he could from a policeman who had not even been there!)

The doctor asked me three questions at the hearing:

1. **How do you feel about the people of Kearney, Nebraska?"**

I assured him that I had no hard feelings toward anyone.

2. **"Do you still maintain that you saw that ship?"**

I told him that I certainly did.

3. **"Are you willing to go to a mental hospital and take some tests?"**

I told him no, I did not wish to go to the hospital, but if they insisted on my going, they would have to pay the bill!

About fifteen minutes later I was on the way to the hospital at Hastings, Nebraska, accompanied by the Chief of Police, the County Attorney and the Deputy Sheriff. They kidded me about the nice rest I was going to have with lots of pretty nurses around!

"Well, fellows," I said, "you can have your fun now. I'll have mine later."

I was admitted immediately. They didn't waste any time!

During my stay in jail an item had been printed in the local paper to the effect that my wife and my brothers had had me committed to a mental hospital. This was entirely untrue, and my family demanded, and got, an immediate retraction.

One of the officers had called my brothers, one in Hastings, and the other in Grand Island, and had told them that I was a suicidal risk, and that my tie, belt and shoe strings had been removed from my cell. There was absolutely no truth in these statements. As for shoe strings, I had been wearing boots which had no strings at all. Not one thing was removed from my cell, not even my razor.

My brothers were also told that I had been smoking marijuana! The truth of the matter is that I do not smoke at all. I have never been a smoker.

Both of my brothers said they couldn't figure how I could have gotten "mentally ill" so fast, since I was perfectly alright when I had dinner with them and their families the previous Sunday.

The officer then admitted that there were no grounds for holding me, and suggested that they (my brothers) bring an attorney and a sheriff, and commit me to the mental hospital themselves!

My brothers refused to do this, on the advice of their attorney. He said that he had been following the case all along and that it had gotten too big for the authorities to handle and now they wanted to wash their hands of me and the whole thing. "Besides," he added, "if you commit Smitty, the responsibility for such an error will be on your heads. And if I know Smitty, he'll get out of this alright."

About ten o'clock the first morning of my stay in the hospital, I appeared before a panel of about thirty people, consisting of doctors, nurses and other staff members. After answering questions for twenty minutes, I was invited to ask any questions that I might care to. But I had none to ask. Then I was excused from the session.

I went to the recreation room to watch television. The doctor who was assigned to me came in a little later and asked why I thought I was sent to the hospital. "I don't know," I said. "It wasn't my idea in the first place." He said that they would have to give me some tests, and I said I thought that was the general reason for my being there. Thereafter, for almost two weeks they tested me thoroughly.

During the second week they did an encephalogram, a test made on a machine which records brain waves. Four days later the same test was repeated. Then I learned that the charts had been so regular that they had thought something was wrong with the machine!

About the twelfth or thirteenth day I appeared before the board again. The hospital superintendent asked if they wanted to question me further. Only one person had a question. It was: "What would you say if we kept you here for a year or two and gave you treatments?"

I replied, "I think you doctors are smarter than that. You know very well that I don't need any treatments."

That same day my employer from Brawley, California came to the hospital to see me. Since he had been unable to reach me by phone, after three days of trying, he had finally decided to fly there to find out what was going on. In the hospital, as in jail, I had not been permitted to make any telephone calls, unfortunately for my business activities.

Major Wayne Aho, Ret., director of a civilian UFO research group called Washington Saucer Intelligence, told me later that he had called me at the hospital and had been told that "We have to protect Reinhold Schmidt from the public, and the public from him!"

My boss vouched for my sanity and stability. My Los Angeles employer sent an affidavit to the hospital, vouching for my business judgment and my honesty, and stating that, in all the time I had bought thousands of dollars worth of grain for his company, there had never been any reason to doubt my ability or to question my character.

I was released from the hospital that day. In all fairness, I must say that, on the whole, my stay there was not too unpleasant. They gave me a private room, and I got along well with the nurses and doctors . . . except for one psychiatrist.

One morning he had come in to talk with me. "I'm going to ask you some questions," he said, "and I want you to answer with the first thing that comes into your

mind, whether it answers the question or not."

"Who was smarter," he asked, "George Washington or Abraham Lincoln?"

"I really don't know," I replied. "I wasn't even born then!"

The next question was: "If you weren't a human being, what would you rather be?"

"I'd rather be a psychiatrist!" I said.

With that he slammed his notebook shut. I asked if there were any more questions.

"No," he said, "Our records don't stand up in court anyway."

Business Begins To Boom

When I returned to Kearney, the first thing I did was to ask my boss if I still had a job. "You certainly do," he assured me. "I made a little investigation here in Kearney myself for three days before I came to see you, and all the people I talked to were behind you 100%. That much reassurance made me feel a lot better.

He suggested that we put an ad in the paper to let people know that I was back in Kearney and ready to buy grain again. The ad ran in the afternoon paper as follows:

Attention Milo and Corn Growers

That crazy grain buyer from California is still around and would like to bid on your grain. Will pick it up at your farm in twenty-ton trucks. Call me at the Fort Kearney Hotel.

Reinhold O. Schmidt, Brawley, California

By evening I was deluged with calls from farmers offering to sell their grain to me. If there had been sufficient transportation, I could have bought thousands of tons of grain that very evening! I was busy for almost three months afterward buying grain just in the vicinity of Kearney alone. I thought how nice it was to be back in business again, leading a normal life.

I Ride In A Spaceship!

Since my first encounter with the people in the strange metal ship, I have learned that they always keep their word. During my first visit aboard their ship, they had said that they would see me again. But I had not the slightest thought of another contact with them as I drove along a country road outside of Kearney, just three months to the day after my first experience.

It was February 5, 1958. I had finished looking over a field of grain near Elm Creek, about twenty miles west of Kearney, and was on my way home. I was driving about fifty miles per hour when suddenly my car stopped as abruptly as if I had jammed on the brakes. It was the same car I had been driving at the time of my first experience, a 1955 Buick Super. Instantly my attention was drawn to a large silvery object hovering just inside the fence that edged the meadow at the side of the highway. It looked just like the first ship that I had seen and I thought, well here we go again! They've come back!

I parked my car and, as I walked towards the fence, another car approached. There was a man, woman and small child in it. They looked at me and I waved at them to stop, hoping to have some witnesses, but they hurried by. I don't know whether they saw the ship or not.

As I climbed over the fence, the door of the ship slid open and there was Mr. X!

"Greetings, Reinhold," he said in his pleasant voice. "It is nice to see you again. We would like to talk with you." Then he invited me aboard and offered to give me a short ride since, he said, it would cause too much commotion if they remained by the roadside to converse with me.

You can imagine how intrigued I was with the prospect of a ride in their craft! My mind was whirling with a dozen thoughts . . . They even knew my name! But how . . . ?

Immediately the ship rose straight up in the air. When we were about 150 to 200 feet in the air, Mr. X said, "If any of your friends are watching now, they will not be able to see the ship." Yet, again, I could see the entire countryside through the walls.

I asked what power they used to propel their ship and he said, "We get our power from the Sun and from the Earth."

Sitting in the ship was as comfortable as being in my own living room. There was no sensation of movement at all during the flight, nor was there any during the ascent, or, later, in the descent.

Presently we landed on the dry sand bed of the Platte River, about twelve miles west of the place where I had first seen them.

Incidentally, both times the ship had landed on what is called accretion land. It is ground that cannot be privately owned or sold. It can only be leased by the owner of the adjoining land. At one time, this particular area was part of the river bottom and was filled with water. Later the river channel was deepened and narrowed by man, the water was drained off, and grass, shrubs, and trees began to grow on this part of the river bed. I have wondered since if, perhaps, these people purposely chose this land so that they would not be trespassing on private property.

Three Important Questions

I was puzzled as to what these people could possibly want with me. Now that we had reached the relative seclusion of this quiet spot, Mr. X turned to me.

"Now, Reinhold, we want to ask a favor of you. We have three questions to ask, and we would consider it a great kindness if you would obtain the answers for us."

"1. What would be the reaction of the United States if other planets were to set off atomic bombs and to start Sputniks and other Satellites flying around which would affect the Earth, interrupting its radio and TV operations, and other devices?

2. What was the plane carrying, other than passengers, that disintegrated over the Pacific on the way from San Francisco to Honolulu?

3. How would your people react if a fleet of these ships were to land on a friendly mission? Would they accept us on friendly terms?"

I assured them that I would do my best to get the answers for them, and asked them to what address I should send the information.

Mr. X smiled and said, "We will contact you again."

And with that I had to be content, but at least I knew that I would be seeing them again. I could look forward to some new and interesting times. Then I remembered . . .

"But I may be in California by the time I get all the answers," I said.

"It makes no difference," said Mr. X. "We can pick you up at any time, in any place."

"How did you know I was driving along that country road back there?", I asked in amazement. " . . . or do you just pick up anyone who happens to be nearby?"

"Oh no," replied Mr. X. "We tune in to individual brain impulses, and we can pick up anyone we wish, wherever he may be."

I thought of the places I had been during those difficult days after I first saw their ship. I started to tell Mr. X about it and he said, "Yes we were aware of the circumstances, and we were standing by. If they hadn't released you from the hospital by a certain time, we would have made ourselves known by putting on a mass demonstration over Kearney."

How I had wished for something like that at the time of my trouble with the authorities! But, evidently, that had not been the right time for such a display.

During the course of our discussion, my friends told me that they were from the planet Saturn! I thought of the rings around it, as it is pictured in our astronomy books, and I tried to imagine these people at home . . . such a long way from us. I could have questioned and listened endlessly, but presently Mr. X said that their visit at that time could be only a brief one, and that they would then return me to the place where I had left my car.

The whole thing had taken about forty-five minutes. As I disembarked from the ship, he said, "Be sure to have your battery checked, Reinhold. We have stopped your car twice now, and if we stop it a third time your battery will go dead." After each time that I was stopped, the battery had boiled dry. It was a twelve-volt battery and was then about a year old. The black top coating had holes blown in it from the excess pressure when they stopped the car. The second time, one of the filler knobs was blown off and lost.

We parted with friendly goodbyes, and they reminded me that they would see me again. Another meeting to look forward to!

A Lesson Learned . . .

This time I did not report my contact to anyone in Kearney. Instead, I tried to get in touch with Major Wayne Aho in Washington, D. C., with whom there had been some telephone conversations and correspondence, as a result of my first experience. Major Aho was out of town. However, I finally reached him a few days later in Detroit, where he was lecturing on a tour of the middle west. We arranged to meet in Davenport, Iowa, on February 17th.

The day after our meeting I told my experience to a public audience for the first time. Then Major Aho asked me to join him for the rest of his tour so that I could tell more people of my experiences.

A Show In The Sky

On March 5th and 6th, Major Aho, John Otto and I were scheduled to lecture in Kearney.

On the evening of the 5th, a radio announcer with whom we had visited earlier, called us at the hotel.

"Don't quote me," he said, "but there's something you should see in the western sky above the Sun."

We dashed to the west window. There above the setting sun was what appeared to be a large white star, but it was neither the time nor the position for such a star! About five minutes later, another object appeared to the left of the "star." It was round and dark. Presently the bottom of it began to glow an orange color, and it became brighter as we watched. Then it moved and dipped, and we could see a dome-like structure. Soon the orange color changed to red and became quite brilliant before it faded out entirely, and the object became invisible.

A few minutes later, the white object changed to orange, then to blue . . . and then gradually faded from sight.

All three of us witnessed this unusual display. You can imagine how excited we were, and we felt that this was definitely a confirmation of our activities right there in Kearney . . . and just minutes before we were to speak on that very subject!

Suddenly, someone said, "There's a jet over on the right!"

But a moment later, there was neither an object nor a vapor trail to be seen. Just then, another "jet" appeared on the left side of the sky. But, as we watched, we realized that it was not a jet at all. It was a gray, cigar-shaped object with a blinking red light in its nose. Instead of a vapor trail, it had a bushy tail of scintillating light which moved right along with it. It moved clear across the sky and disappeared in the distance on the right. It was then 7:19 p.m.

With a start we suddenly realized that we had just barely enough time to get to the lecture hall by 7:45. We left in a glow of excitement, and we were sure that the wonderful sighting must have been meant just for us!

Later on that evening a salesman who had attended the lecture told us that he had seen part of the space display as he had entered the hotel. He said that, in the dining room, "the show" had been the main topic of conversation. A man who was sharing his table had remarked, "Well, there's a lecture on Spaceships in town tonight. Wouldn't you know they would have some kind of gimmick!"

The salesman had replied, "That would be a good trick, but how in the world did they get them up so high?"

People have often asked me why there aren't more witnesses to a space ship landing? I have no pat answer, but I feel sure that there are often more witnesses than we may realize. It is certainly possible that others saw the same ship which I first saw, because there were hunters and construction workers in the vicinity. Maybe they were afraid to speak of what they saw. A Kearney radio announcer says he has a tape recording of two local business men who testified that they heard some unusual sounds while they were pheasant-hunting on the afternoon of my contact. They said they believed the sounds came from the ship. The announcer said, also, that he checked with Lowry Air Force Base and learned that there were no aircraft aloft on the afternoon of

November 5th, between 1:00 and 6:00 p.m., because of low ceiling and hazardous flying conditions.

Another question which is frequently asked is why the occupants of the ship spoke German? Perhaps they knew that the inhabitants of Kearney, and most of Nebraska, are largely German settlers. I don't know. But I can tell you this: When my boss came to Kearney to see me after my release from the hospital, he brought with him a business associate from Mexico, a man who was very much interested in my experience. He told me that he had encountered a similar ship in Mexico. It, too, carried four men and two women. But they spoke to him in Spanish! We wondered whether it was the same ship and crew which both of us saw.

Since that time I have learned that the Saturnians speak any language and, apparently, they use whatever tongue is understood by those whom they contact! I have not yet discovered their method of learning, but I feel sure that many fascinating and enlightening things are yet to be revealed.

An Answer To Question No. 2

Since my second meeting with Mr. X and his crew, I had been wondering through what channels I would find the answers to the three questions they asked of me. During my travels I had been reaching out to various sources in an attempt to find the answers when, on April 5th, 1958, I had my first success in that direction. You may remember that the second question referred to the plane that crashed over the Pacific on the way from San Francisco to Honolulu. My friends asked what the plane was carrying, other than passengers.

Two newspaper articles were sent to me from NICAP (National Investigations Committee on Aerial Phenomena) which pertained to the plane crash.

The first was a report from the Des Moines Register, dated November 9, 1957:

"A large Stratocruiser, enroute between San Francisco and Honolulu, is reported missing after having sighted mysterious blinking lights in the sky early this morning. The last position given by the plane was about 900-1000 miles northeast of Honolulu. A military transport flying near the area reported sighting similar mystery lights, blinking off and on, 120 miles north of the last reported position of the Stratocruiser after it had been reported missing. A full scale sea and air search is in operation with vain efforts to find the plane carrying a crew of four, and thirty-six passengers, in the event it might have plunged into the sea."

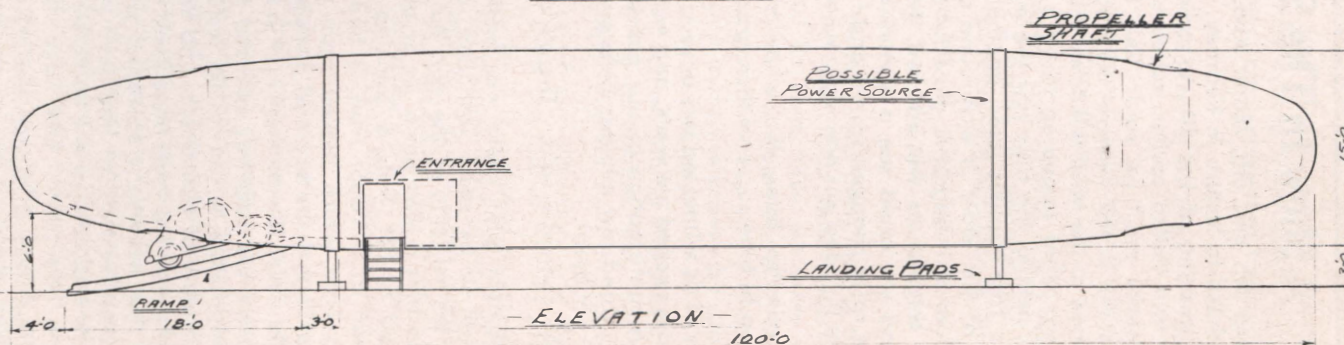
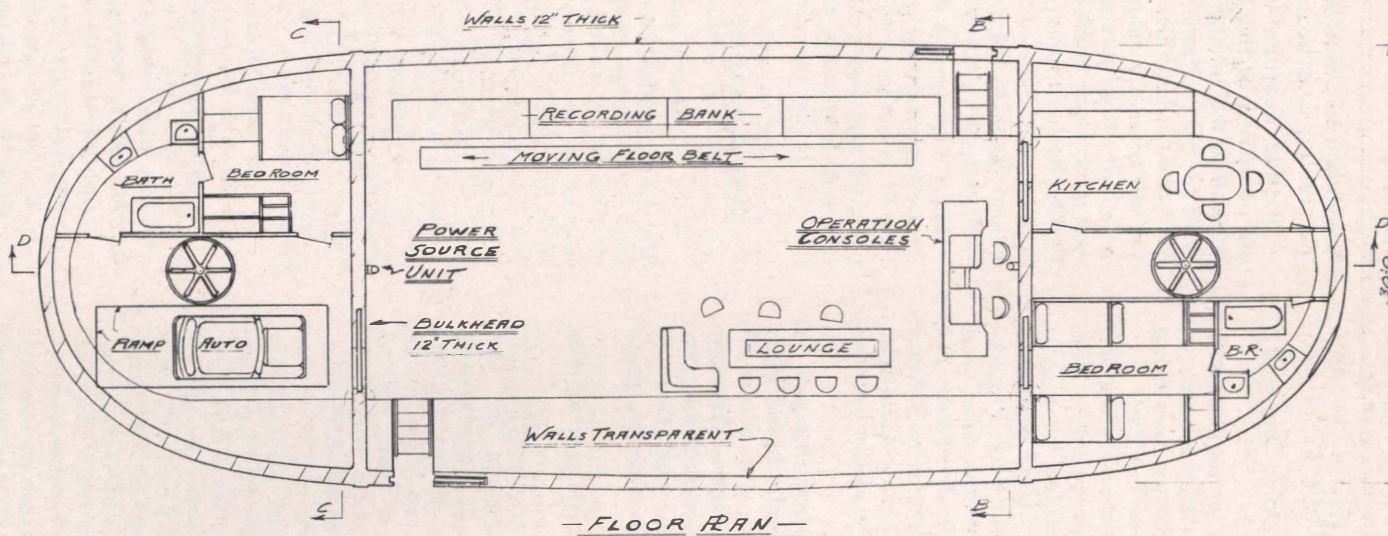
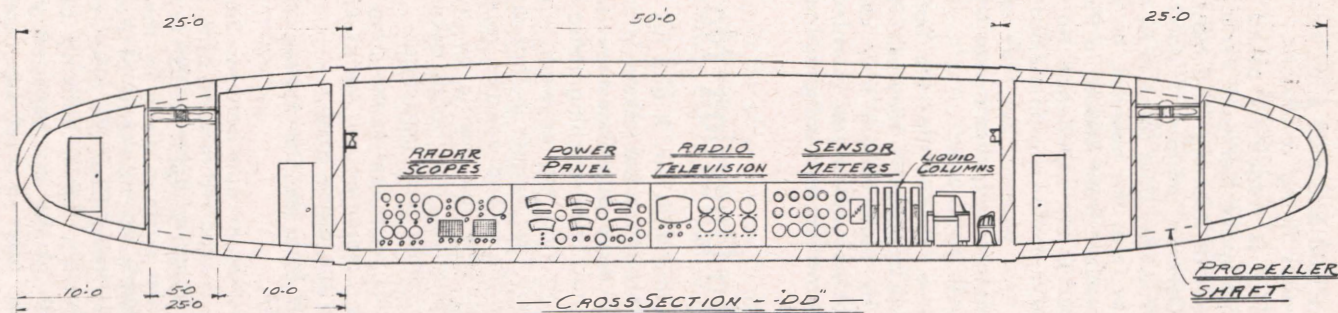
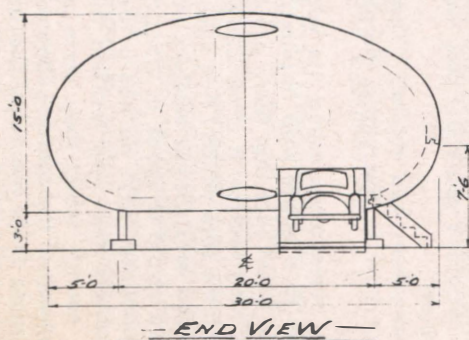
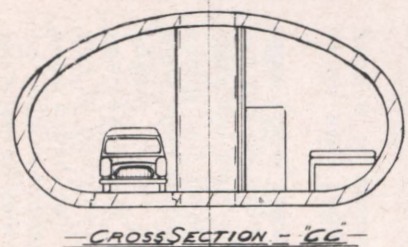
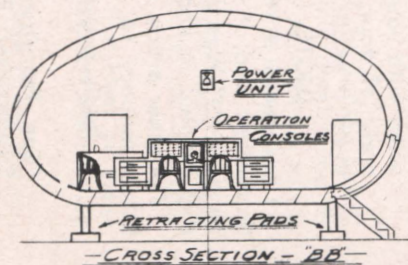
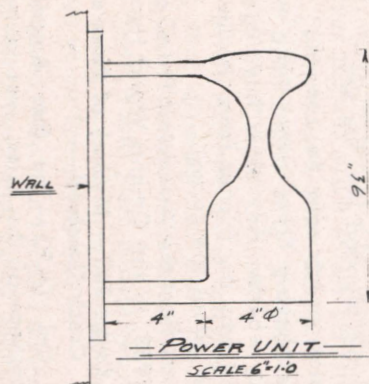
(NOTE: Later reports said 44 aboard.)

I wondered if the blinking lights might have been Spaceships and, if so, whether they could have caused an accident? Was that why my friends from the Space-ship wanted to know about the cargo?

The other article was from the Associated Press, published January 16, 1958, in the Omaha World Herald:

Radio-Active Cargo Fell — Mystery of Plane's Crash Unsolved

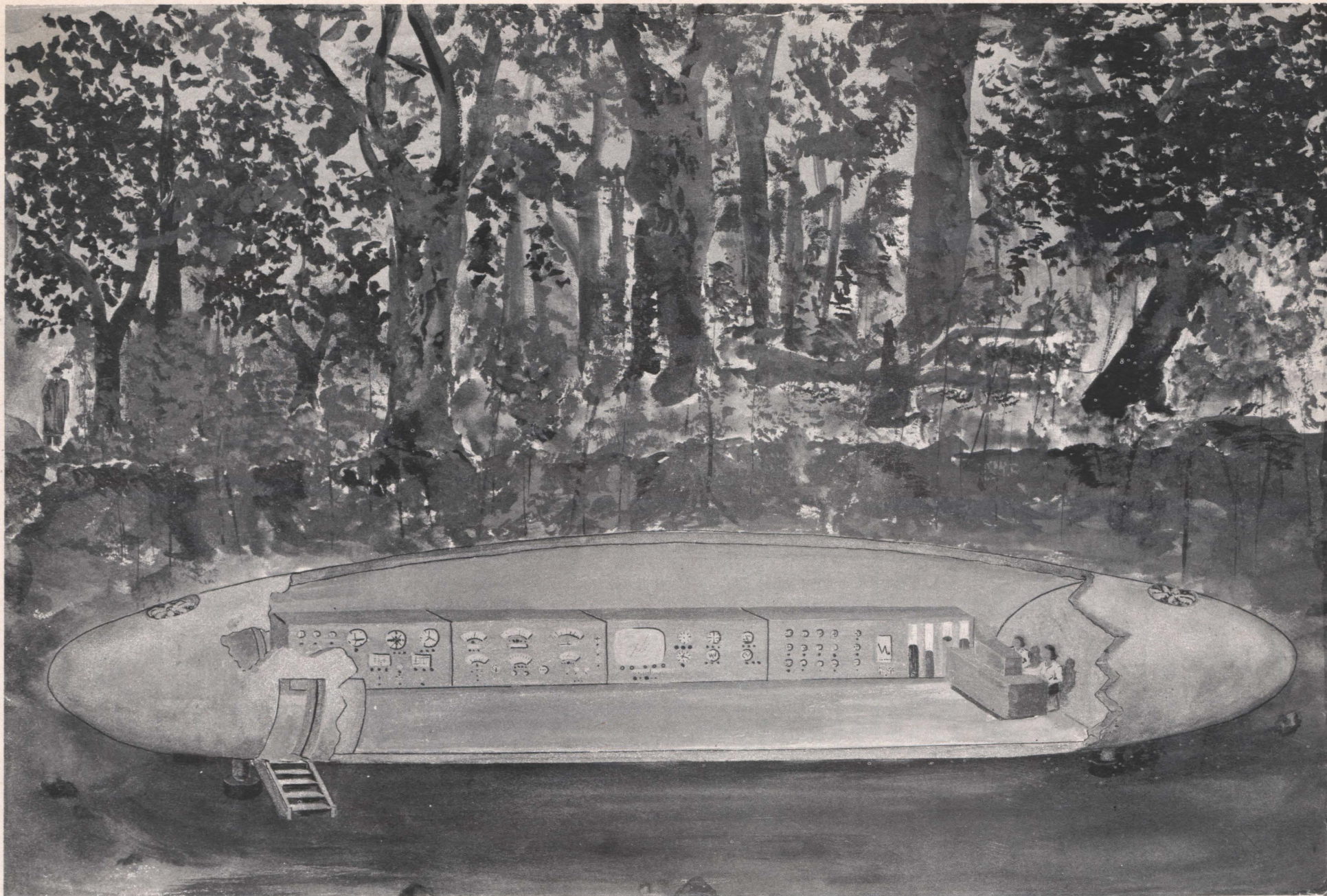
"San Francisco, Cal. (A.P.) — The Pan American Stratocruiser, Romance of the Skies, was carrying shipments of chemicals and "radio-active" materials when it crashed in the Pacific, killing all forty-four persons aboard, a Civil Aeronautics Board hearing



SATURNIAN SPACE SHIP BOARDED BY REINHOLD O. SCHMIDT

APPROXIMATION SCALE 1/4"=1'-0"

DRAWN BY OB LAVOIE



SATURNIAN SPACESHIP LANDED NEAR KEARNEY, NEBRASKA, NOV. 5, 1957.

was told Wednesday.

The huge airliner, bound from San Francisco to Honolulu, mysteriously plunged into the ocean about midway between two points last Nov. 8th. Only nineteen bodies were recovered.

The first witness before the seven-man hearing panel was David L. Thompson, of CAB investigators, who has spent the last two months seeking clues from the wreckage.

Mr. Thompson said one thing certain was that the plane had burned after it struck the water.

He said the plane carried a shipment of "Yellow label sodium sulfite restricted cargo packed in accordance with ICC regulations."

"In addition," he said, "there was White Label radio-active material aboard the plane."

Mr. Thompson offered no solution to one of the prime mysteries of the tragedy — the riddle of why crewmen were unable to send a distress message in the twenty-three minutes from the time it last gave a position to the time it struck water."

I wasn't sure that this information would completely answer Mr. X's question, but it was as much as I was able to find out about it and, certainly, it gave me food for thought. Perhaps that was the purpose of the questions in the first place. As far as numbers one and three were concerned, they were questions which anyone could well ponder. I have thought a great deal about them. Also I talked with lots of people in the course of my work, and was able to get opinions from people in many walks of life. I hoped that, when Mr. X and I met again, the answers I had would be acceptable to him.

Mr. X Calls On Me!

In the latter part of April, 1958, Major Aho, John Otto and I gave a lecture in Tulsa, Oklahoma. Afterwards, several of us went to the hotel coffee shop to continue our discussion while we had a bite to eat.

Suddenly I felt extremely hot, as if I were almost suffocating. I excused myself and went outside for some air. My attention was immediately drawn to a black MG which was parked at the curb, and who should be sitting in it but Mr. X and one of the ladies from the Spaceship! After we greeted each other, Mr. X asked if I would like to take a little ride with them. I told him I would be delighted to and I got into the car.

We drove about six miles down the main highway, then turned off the pavement onto a dirt road. There ahead stood a big silver Spaceship! As we approached it, a beam of light shot out from it. Mr. X dropped his hands from the steering wheel, and the car was pulled up the ramp, via the beam, into the ship.

We didn't have a flight this time but, instead, remained aboard right there where the ship had landed.

For about two hours we talked. Mr. X very graciously accepted the answers I gave him to the questions he had asked. We discussed many things, including some information which I do not yet have permission to reveal publicly. However, I want to mention this contact as a matter of record, and I look forward to the time when I will be allowed to explain the reason for their visit at that particular time.

... To The Arctic Circle

Part of June, 1958 I spent buying grain in Nebraska and Colorado. While I was in Denver, Mr. X contacted me again. He asked me if I would like to join him and the rest of the crew in a flight to the Arctic Circle, sometime in August. Would I LIKE to! I would even skip my work for awhile in order to go! When I asked why they had chosen the Arctic Circle, he said,

"Let's just say it's for an educational purpose."

The thought was fascinating and I looked forward to the time with excited interest!

By the time August came along, my work had taken me to the West Coast. It would be no problem for my space friends to find me, since they could perceive my whereabouts at any time, merely by tuning in to my brain impulses.

I was living, for awhile, in an apartment in Hollywood, California. On August 14th, there was a knock at my door. I opened it to find Mr. X, good as his word. I invited him in and we chatted for a few minutes.

Then he asked me if I could be ready by that evening to leave for the Arctic Circle. I told him that I would have to make a few 'phone calls and then I could meet him. He suggested that I drive to my rock quarry off Highway 6, about forty miles north of Mojave. (Incidentally, my Saturnian friends were instrumental in my getting into the quarry business. I have four quarries now, which they pointed out to me and helped me to acquire. They showed me how a valuable metal could be extracted from the rocks of one of the quarries. This metal is similar to that which the Saturnians use in the construction of their Spaceships. When certain improvements in our social and economic systems have been made which will qualify us to associate with those people who have already learned how to work and live together in peace and friendship, then we of Earth will be able to use this metal in the construction of Spaceships in which we also can visit other planets.

The quarry is in a desolate area and, rather than leave my new 1958 Buick car there, I asked Mr. X if I should put it in a garage. But he said, "No, drive your car out there and we will take it aboard the ship."

I wondered if the weight of the car, about two tons, would be a problem, but he said that weight was not a problem for them.

After finishing my telephone business, I drove out to the quarry. The Spaceship was already there, and it was larger than any I had seen before. It appeared to be about 200 feet long, 40 feet wide, and 14 feet high. Except for its larger size, it looked just like the ship I had been aboard near Kearney.

There is a large galvanized steel tank, about 20 feet in diameter, at the edge of the quarry. It was put there by the government to supply water for deer and cattle, and is fed by a nearby spring. The Saturnians had drawn off half the water in the tank, about fourteen or fifteen barrels. They needed it for use in their ship.

The moment I arrived, the ramp at the fore end of the ship was lowered and I drove right up onto it. Then it was raised up and into the ship, and off we went! We left the quarry at 4:15 p.m. . . . destination, North Pole!

We stopped in Greenland for about thirty minutes, and twice . . . briefly . . . in Alaska, to check on some

mineral deposits. At one time during the flight, I asked how fast the ship could go, and they said they could give me a "fast ride." For a few minutes, according to an instrument that looked like a speedometer, we went 40,000 miles per hour! Mr. X told me that the craft could go much faster, but that we would overshoot our destination if we went full speed at that time. There was no vibration at all, and I could tell by the changing appearance of the Earth below that we were really "up in the wild blue yonder!" The Earth looked a fuzzy blue-green, and was surrounded and almost obscured by rings of silvery haze, similar to those we see around the planet Saturn.

The Saturnian space craft was a versatile machine, as I was soon to discover. It could be used not only for space and atmospheric flight, but as a boat or a submarine, on or under the water.

In just one hour and twenty minutes we were over the Arctic Circle! Mr. X pointed out many things of interest. I saw a place where there had once been ice-caps over a thousand feet high. Today that area is water. This reversal was caused by the blasts of atomic bombs, which so changed the atmosphere that the great ice-caps began to melt. There have been many atmospheric changes in a relatively short time. Because of these changes some of our former vast frozen areas have now become warm and tropical. The Arctic has been extremely cold for thousands of years, but now it is beginning to thaw. Continued testing of the A-bombs could further upset our weather and even our planet's stability on its axis, which unless prevented, could lead to unimaginable destruction. When you have actually seen some of these changes for yourself, you realize what is happening to the surface of the Earth, and what more could happen very soon, unless something is done to change the trend of man's folly. Looking down on that boundless and changing Arctic region was an awe-inspiring, thought-provoking experience.

Presently we decelerated and came down lightly on the open water. Then we plunged straight down beneath the surface and descended to a depth of 350 feet, where we remained for about three hours. (I found out later that the reversible fans, one at each end of the ship, made the straight-angle plunge possible. The fans were about twelve feet in diameter.)

We saw two Russian submarines in the distance. They were mapping the ocean floor in order to build bases from which missiles could be fired to any part of the world, without sound or warning. Mr. X told me that our government knew all about it and had stationed three of our submarines in the area.

* * *

From the Bulletin Board of the Navy Department at Long Beach, California.

ROBERT S. ALLEN REPORTS . . . Jan. 14, 1959

WASHINGTON — The U. S. and Canadian navies have made a sensational sinister discovery.

Off both their Atlantic and Pacific coasts they have found imbedded on the ocean floor, up to depths of 1,000 feet, more than a score of large steel radioactive devices of unmistakable Russian make.

In some instances these extraordinary mechanisms were well within both the U. S. and Canadian three-mile limit.

Navy authorities are certain these devices are "Position Markers", to be used by Soviet submarines for launching nuclear-armed missile attacks against U. S.

and Canadian coastal cities and other targets.

While only a relatively small number of these Russian mechanisms have so far been uncovered, both U. S. and Canadian officials are convinced "hundreds" more have been planted off the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

It is estimated this has been done by the Soviet "fishing" and "research" vessels, freighters and submarines which have been repeatedly observed off these coasts in the past several years.

The grim menace presented by these Red undersea "Position Markers" is now under urgent consideration at the highest levels.

In view of the known large number of Russian missile submarines, at least 100, it is being pointed out in these strategy discussions that the submarine "Position Markers" constitute a greater immediate danger to the U. S. and Canada than the Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles being developed by the Soviets.

For this reason it is very possible that finding and neutralizing these sinister Soviet submarine devices may become a top-priority naval task.

Made of special radioactive steel, the Red "Position Markers" emit high-energy rays which can be detected by instruments in submarines.

With these underwater devices, Soviet subs would be greatly assisted in launching nuclear missiles at particular targets without having to surface for that purpose.

Naval experts point out that a fractional error at the launching point of a missile could mean a wide miss at a target hundreds of miles away. But by using the radioactive markers, Red subs could readily determine their exact positions and be greatly facilitated in executing devastating missile attacks against cities and other targets on U. S. and Canadian coastal areas.

* * *

Since my flight to the Arctic, the Navy Department has informed me that the Russian missile bases have been destroyed, and that Russia no longer wants an atomic war.

Mr. X said that the Space People would not have allowed the firing of the missiles, nor would they permit an atomic war to take place. He explained that they have ways of interfering with such plans, and that they do so only when other planets, and, indeed, the whole galaxy, would be endangered. Otherwise they do not believe in meddling with the will of the Earth people. They do not wish to see us destroy ourselves, he said, but the will to change from our senseless games of war and destruction must come from our own people. It saddens them, he added, to see some of the things that occur here on our beautiful planet but, because they abide by Universal Laws, they cannot and will not interfere with our free will, unless, in our foolishness, we also jeopardize other worlds.

The Saturnians said that they were using a device to decrease the amount of radiation in our atmosphere from atomic and hydrogen bomb explosions. The mechanism is dropped from a high altitude, and it not only works to purify the air but it helps to nullify the action of the bombs themselves. You may have seen one of these objects. They have often been referred to as "green fire-balls."

But here in the depths of the cold Arctic waters I was more concerned at the moment with icebergs floating over us. They looked like big white clouds, and they seemed to be drifting just under the surface of the water. Of course, it is generally known that seven-eighths

of an iceberg are under water, so that it is a very small part that is seen above the surface. There were constant loud crashes as the thawing ice bulged, cracked, and broke open under the tremendous pressure.

Finally, we pulled away from the massive frozen chunks overhead, and surfaced. We moved to a place on an ice-cap where we saw all around us the thawing bodies of animals which had been frozen in the ice for probably thousands of years! I recognized polar bears and walrus, and some prehistoric animals which I had never even seen pictured! Apparently some of the native Eskimos had been slicing off the well-preserved meat.

There was also evidence nearby of some type of city or dwelling area, because we could see houses and other buildings which had been completely frozen in the ice.

Presently, one of the ladies said, "We know that you Americans like coffee, and we have come prepared to give you some." I thought maybe they had brought a thermos of it, and I told her I would enjoy a cup. She picked up what looked like a percolator and put water and coffee into it. I noticed that she used an American brand, MJB.

She set the percolator on a table, and I expected her to either plug it in somewhere or to put it on a hot plate, but she did neither. In a matter of moments I could smell the coffee perking merrily! I asked the lady what made it work. She answered, "It is the same power and energy . . . free energy . . . that propels the ship. It can be channeled in any way, from flying a Spaceship to making coffee!"

She said that I could touch the percolator without burning myself, and it was true. Also, when I lifted it up it continued to percolate. My friend said that it would go on doing so even if a piece of ice were put in it! I asked if I could take it home to show my people what free energy could do. She said that I couldn't have that one, but that they would bring me another one from their planet sometime. The coffee was very good and tasted just like what we make here.

I was aboard the Saturnian ship from August 14th through the 18th. During that time I ate only a few small wafers supplied by the Space People. Each wafer was about as big around as an Alka Seltzer tablet, but twice as thick. They were very pleasant to taste. One day I ate three of them to see how much food value was in them. I felt no hunger or fatigue all day.

Whenever I mention the wafers during my lectures, there are always a few ladies who ask me about them afterwards. They seem to think the wafers would be the ideal answer to their diet, cooking and dishwashing problems!

While we slept, the ship hovered in space about six or seven miles above the Earth. I asked if there was not some danger of collision with another Spaceship or a meteorite. They assured me that there was no danger, since they were always on automatic pilot. If another ship came within range of us, it would automatically steer clear and the protective magnetic field generated around the ship would repel any meteorites or other cosmic debris.

The bed I used was much like my own, with the usual mattress, sheets, pillows and blankets. The ship was always comfortably warm and it remained at a constant temperature. It was always pleasantly light inside, too, but the light seemed to come from the walls of the ship rather than from any single source or fixture.

I recalled that, when we were submerged, the glow

from the ship projected for at least three or four-hundred feet.

Finally, Mr. X said that it was time to return to the rock quarry near Bakersfield, and shortly we sped off in the direction of home.

In a little while we landed back at the quarry. I thanked my friends for an unforgettable journey and they assured me that we would meet again in the near future.

I drove my car down the ramp, then up Highway 6, and back into the everyday affairs of life in the city.

After such an experience, it was difficult to bring my thoughts back to mundane living, but of course I had to be realistic. The scope of the Saturnian way of life had struck me forcibly, and I could only wonder if somehow, someday, such a way of thinking and living could not also be enjoyed by the people of Earth.

The Past, The Present, And Future

It was not until January 24th, 1960 that I was again contacted by Mr. X at the Padre Hotel in Bakersfield. He came to my room for a short visit. Then he told me to drive about four miles east of Bakersfield on Highway 466, which is only a two-lane road.

I left Bakersfield at 9 a.m. On 466 there is occasional heavy traffic but, at the time I was there, no one else was around.

I was just cruising along at about 40 miles per hour, when the car suddenly left the road and went up into the air! My '58 Buick and I were lifted up bodily. As we started to get higher the Space People evidently blanked out my mind to protect me if I should panic as a result of such a startling experience. The next thing I knew I was opening the door of my car and stepping out to be greeted by my space friends inside the Spaceship. I had expected to see the ship hovering as usual, somewhere near the road, and to either park my car or to drive onto the ramp, as I had done before.

Perhaps my previous experiences were a preparation for this contact. As you remember, the first time they let me walk into the ship. The second time I drove up the ramp. The next time, in Tulsa, I rode with Mr. X in his MG and, as we approached the ship, he took his hands off the steering wheel and we seemed to be guided by a beam of light right into the ship.

Now, in my fourth contact, some force had lifted my car and me, in a unit, right off the highway and into the ship! It was the same ship in which I had previously journeyed to the Arctic Circle.

This time we took off in the direction of Montana. As we approached that state, I saw an enormous object up ahead. Mr. X told me that it was what they called a Mother ship, since it could house many smaller craft of the 200-foot-long type on its hangar deck. He explained that the mother ships performed a function in space similar to that of our own aircraft carriers on the surface of the water.

As we neared the Mother ship, an opening appeared in its side and we glided smoothly in. The size of the hanger deck was tremendous! It could have held dozens of the smaller craft, as well as hundreds of people, with room to spare! But the Space People tell of some of their other ships which are even larger than this one — of ships that are several miles in length.

There were twenty-five or thirty people working and walking about the deck and they were dressed much like the average person on our streets. We were greeted cordially, but I am sure that the spoken words were just

for my benefit. The Saturnians normally do not need to speak to each other verbally, (although they do occasionally), because they communicate by telepathy. It is interesting to watch the changes in their expressions as they do so.

Mr. X's crew walked around the deck and mingled with the others. I had been told the names of the crew, as well as Mr. X's, but was asked not to reveal them. The reason was that "Sometime you may meet one of our other contactees and, if he mentions our names you will then know that he, or she, is a true contactee and has spoken with us, who are from the planet Saturn." That seemed reasonable, and I have kept the secret.

One of the first things I noticed when I got aboard was a row of missiles on display, some of them partially burned up. Perhaps you, too, have wondered what ever became of some of the U. S. and Russian missiles that have been sent up and which were never finally accounted for. Well, I found out! The Space People had taken some aboard their ship when it was obvious that otherwise they would be completely burned up by re-entry into the dense layers of our atmosphere.

There was a globe-shaped object on board about the size of a 21 inch TV set. It was a stationary glass sphere, and within it revolved another globe. It turned slowly and on it were moving pictures showing the history of our Earth.

I was fascinated as it went back in time, thousands of years ago, to the period when the Earth was torn by terrific volcanic action. There, from out of the past, pictured on this amazing viewscreen, were scenes where the oceans were literally forced out of their beds to form great destructive tidal waves. There were pictured prehistoric animals being covered by volcanic lava! Shattering earthquakes were causing a molten upheaval as matter spewed forth from the very depths of the Earth! Here was I, in the twentieth century, seeing the terrible destruction of our Earth in what had once been, to me, a very dim past, but which was now so vividly alive!

Slowly the pictures took us through the old civilizations and through the awful wars of earlier times, and then into the battles and the changes of today. We were shown the quarrels in which our nations are presently engaged. How petty and futile they seemed. Then the devastating atomic blasts were relived, and there, in sickening evidence, was shown the appalling damage that had been done to human life, as well as to the plant and animal life in many parts of the world.

It saddened me deeply to see the ordeals which our little Earth had survived, and I knew that she could not withstand much more.

Then, before me passed the pictures of what could be our glorious future. Planes flew without wings, motors or gasoline. All needs for power were met by utilization of the free-energy which my Saturnian friends had demonstrated to me. I saw a city where no cars or buses traveled the streets, and the people walked wherever they wished, in safety. "Automobiles" without wheels floated above tree tops and buildings. There were landing areas on the tops of the buildings, from which the people descended to the street level.

An atmosphere of unity, order, and tranquility pervaded every scene. How wonderful to live in such a world! If ours could only be that way . . .

Soon Mr. X and his crew were ready to leave, and we got into the little ship. As we left the Mother ship, we seemed to float right out into space, with no sensa-

tion of direction, as we feel it in our planes. I was never strapped in at any time, and there were no safety belts. In spite of speeds that seem fantastic to Earthlings, there was never any feeling of motion while aboard the ship. It was far more gentle traveling than it is in our finest cars, or even in our newest jet flights!

I told you before of the pleasant glow of light which is always present within the ship. Yet there is an awareness of day and night because you can see the change through the walls of the ship. When it is dark, the stars are visible. In the daytime the "sky" looks blue whether you are several miles up or close to the Earth.

Sometimes, at lower altitudes, we could clearly see the water and land areas of Earth. But when we reached the lofty heights that we did on that trip, distinguishing features of the earthly terrain below were not discernable, and all terrestrial color faded into a neutral gray.

Curiously enough, the sun's rays never seemed to penetrate the walls of the craft. At least, the temperature always remained the same and was completely comfortable.

Before long we landed near Bakersfield. This extraordinary trip had taken about seven hours. In all that time I had eaten nothing and, yet, I was not hungry at all.

I parted rather wistfully from my friends this time. There had been so much to stir my thoughts that it was even more difficult than usual to face the idea of confronting the everyday environment. Our space friends can show us the way to a new and wonderful world, but they said that it is up to us to bring it about. There is so much to be done, and due to the present crisis on earth which affects the welfare of all our people, not a moment should be wasted in applying the solutions to our problems which have now been given to us. The Space Age is here NOW; the great change has already begun . . .

The Secret Beneath The Pyramid

Numerous books and documents have been written about the Pyramids of Egypt, particularly of the Great Pyramid of Gizeh and the inscrutable Sphinx, which has kept its secrets down through the centuries. But at last the silence has been broken, and what is perhaps the greatest of its mysteries has been disclosed by a visitor from the planet Saturn . . . to me, a humble Earth man, whose duty it is to share with you a revelation of overwhelming significance.

In his recent book, "Secret Places of the Lion" George Hunt Williamson, American anthropologist and scientist of the New Age said:

"The builders of the Great Pyramid buried one of their great space ships near the structure . . . It will be revealed — no doubt within a comparatively short time — that there are many secret chambers within the Great Pyramid, and that its true entrance lies under the silent object that is like a lion, and yet like a man . . . the Sphinx! It will not remain silent much longer . . ."

I have wondered if, when Dr. Williamson wrote his book, (which is highly recommended), he knew just how soon a revelation would take place? For on February 9, 1960, this proof became a reality when I was again privileged to go in a Spaceship with the Saturnians, to Egypt to see for myself what lay beneath the Great Pyramid!

After the experience in the Mother ship over Montana, Mr. X had told me that we might go to Egypt in the near future. I don't know how they plan their contacts or on what they base their decisions as to where they will go. I can only be grateful that I have been privileged to be contacted at all. It makes me feel humble, to say the least, and most eager to do what I can to bring the messages of the Saturnians to my fellow Earth brothers. Each new contact and subsequent visit aboard their craft has been a greater step in learning, not only about ourselves here on Earth, but about Universal Laws and the wonderful way of life that is possible when they are applied. I had also soon realized that Mr. X was no ordinary man, but nothing had prepared me for what I was soon to discover!

Another Great Adventure

At 9 a.m. on that memorable February 9th, there was a knock at my door. It was Mr. X. I asked him in and we talked for a while. Then he said they were ready to go to Egypt and he told me where to meet him and the crew. Then he left, and I got ready to leave.

In a very short time I got into my car and drove out Highway 466 toward the Tehachapi Mountains. After a few minutes I saw the ship ahead, hovering beside the road, with the ramp down. I drove right up the ramp and into the ship. As before, there were no other cars in sight on the highway. I have learned that circumstances can be controlled by our space friends, and if they don't want to be seen, they won't be! Also, the force-field around the ship can make it invisible by bending light around it.

The ship was the same 200-foot model that I have ridden in before. The main area was probably sixty to seventy feet long and had two rooms at each end for sleeping quarters and for storage space. Their MG and my Buick were parked in the storage compartments. The furniture was similar to what we use in our homes. There were several chairs and davenport, and a large desk. Just for fun I tried to move a couple of the chairs, but I couldn't budge them. They were not bolted or welded to the floor, but I didn't find out what held them down.

The crew members, the same as on my previous ventures, worked with various instruments. The two ladies sat at the large desk at one end of the ship, intently watching the tubes of colored liquid. (The women were the pilots). The radar screens showed any approaching object, whether the ship was on the ground or in flight.

The men were usually busy watching the large instrument panel. Sometimes they stayed in their living quarters. I also had a room assigned to me for sleeping.

It was quiet, though pleasant, being with these people. They did not converse a great deal. They knew my thoughts and usually anticipated my questions before I could ask them.

Although our present destination was Egypt, we did not go directly there. We made several stops in northern Alaska to check on some new mineral deposits. We were not more than twenty minutes or so in each place.

We arrived in Egypt about 12 noon of the same day we had started, (February 9th). The ship landed on the outskirts of Cairo, somewhat east of the Pyramids and about a half mile from them, and nestled down among the sand dunes.

We traveled from the ship to the Pyramids in the MG which had been aboard. It might have been the same one in which I rode from Tulsa out to the waiting ship.

It had a kind of back seat which one lady sat in, while the other one and Mr. X and I sat in front. The other men remained in the ship.

Many people have asked me why the Saturnians used one of our Earth-made cars. Mr. X explained that their vehicles could not be used here on Earth for, being wheelless, they do not travel along the ground; they hover and fly. I couldn't help wondering if our means of transportation didn't seem as outmoded to the Space People as horse and buggy carriages do to us! At least by driving our cars they manage to get around and not to attract unwanted attention to themselves.

When we reached the parking area near the Great Pyramid, I noticed a number of small foreign cars. There were, apparently, many tourists visiting that day. I don't know whether or not there is an admission fee. If any of my friends paid, I didn't notice. I was too busy being impressed with this great "Wonder of the World," which covers more than thirteen acres. Each baseline of the Pyramid is 750 feet long, and it is 480 feet high. It is constructed of huge yellow limestone blocks, each weighing 54 tons!

The engineering world has long puzzled over the question of how those huge blocks were cut so precisely and lifted and put into place, and I marvelled at how smoothly they still fitted together, after all these centuries! Our scientists have already begun to suspect that this great edifice was built through the application of higher laws than any we have heretofore known.

Mr. X verified these findings when he told me that the stones were lifted by the use of Universal Laws and by the forces of nature, which can even cause iron to float. Obviously the ancients could make use of these laws to neutralize gravity and thus render the stones weightless. The Great Pyramids, then, were built by levitation of the stones!

We had only just arrived but, already, my mind was buzzing with fascinating new thoughts.

I saw that tours for visitors were being conducted through the Pyramid, but we did not join these groups. Instead we went off in a different direction, and shortly I realized that we were alone. We went down through many subterranean corridors and made several turns as we walked along. In one corridor I noticed off-shoot passages leading into it, but we passed them by. I am six feet, two inches tall, and some of the passages were low enough that it was necessary to stoop in order to get through. There were signs about, warning people to watch out for low ceilings.

As we followed Mr. X, he seemed to have a specific destination in mind, rather than taking us merely on a sight-seeing tour. I was absorbed in my thoughts, but no amount of imagination on my part could have prepared me for the startling revelation which was soon to confront us! I don't know whether or not the ladies knew what we were going to see, but I suspect they did.

Presently Mr. X pulled out a small pencil-like light and flashed it against a section of blank wall in the corridor. Imagine my surprise when a heavy stone door, about three feet thick, opened gradually, just enough to let us pass through. Before it opened its outlines had not been perceptible at all.

As we passed through the secret door and it closed slowly behind us, we entered a corridor about seven feet high and five feet wide. It was very dark and I saw no signs at all. As we started to walk two abreast down the corridor (approximately 60 feet long), Mr. X flashed his light into the darkness and a room at the end

gradually filled with light. Later I recalled that there had been no odor of mustiness, which one might usually expect in a room which had been closed for a long time.

Then Mr. X made a statement which completely dumbfounded me. He said that this was the first time the secret door had been opened for over two-thousand years, and that he, Mr. X, had been the last person to close it! I was faced with the staggering thought that he was over two thousand years old! I must have stared hard at him. It was difficult for me to comprehend. He seemed to be no more than forty or forty-five.

I really don't know how to describe the feelings that overcame me. I was completely awake and more alert and aware than I have ever been in my life, and I knew that this was a true experience! To say that I felt awe in the presence of this simple man, who was so wise, so powerful and yet so unassuming a being . . . is indeed an understatement. I do not yet know why he revealed to an ordinary Earth man a secret that has been hidden from the world since the crucifixion of Jesus.

With an effort I forced my mind to dwell on our present surroundings. It was then I realized that we stood in a triangular room, and before us was the smallest Spaceship I had yet seen. It was circular and about 60 feet in diameter. It could best be described as looking like two saucer-shaped metal plates welded together at the outer rims. It was similar in shape to many which have been reportedly seen by Earth people, although most of the sightings have been of larger craft. There was a door on the curve of the lower plate with two steps leading into the ship. We entered, and again I was stunned at what I saw.

There stood a huge wooden cross of what looked like dark red wood. The heavy pieces dovetailed into each other and were held together with wooden spikes. In the end of each crosspiece was a spike hole, and down low on the main beam was a footrest, in which there were also spike holes. I was overwhelmed with the significance of what had happened on that cross, such a long time ago. I was thoroughly shaken . . . and feelings of horror and pity swept over me.

On a table nearby I saw a pair of sandals and a robe, which was an eggshell white, linen-like material. I winced as I saw a crown of thorns beside it. My friends did not need to explain to me Who had worn those garments. I felt heavy with sadness at the thought of man's savagery which had taken so many forms through the ages, and which, unfortunately, is still rampant.

The circular room of the ship had a desk in the center, with what looked like control panels on one side. There were also several chairs and a small davenport, all of an antique style. One large chair, plain wood without upholstering, had arms and a high back. Mr. X told me that Jesus sat in that chair when He was taken to His home planet in that very Spaceship!

Resting on dark wood tables were several circular stone bowls which were filled with precious stones of different sizes and shapes. There were diamonds as big around as quarters! For a moment I thought how I'd like to have a handful. Mr. X immediately read my thought and remarked, "They would only bring you trouble." Then he told me that the jewels had been the gifts of the Wise Men.

There were bolts of beautiful silks and linens, along with objects made of gold, silver, copper and onyx. I noticed some long staffs, also, like the ones which are

used by shepherds as they tend sheep. Mr. X said that all of these things will some day be on display for all the people of Earth to see.

He went on to explain that "Jesus left the Earth in a Spaceship, the very one in which you now stand. He did ascend into the clouds, as people claimed He did, and as has been done by many others who understood the Laws of Levitation and Anti-gravity. The Spaceships of old were able, as are those of today, to condense the moisture in the atmosphere so as to form clouds around them which would obscure them from view. This was the case with the ship which Jesus entered and which then transported Him to the planet Venus."

Then, as he continued, I was again startled at the disclosure that Mr. X was the man who had accompanied Jesus in the ship on His home flight! Then Mr. X had returned the ship to Earth, to be placed in that tomb until the time when people would be ready to accept its astounding significance. That will be when more minds are attuned to Universal Laws and Truths, which will automatically relegate many false legends and ideas to the dark ages.

In the northeast corner of the little ship stood a desk on which there were thirty-two tablets of a heavy-quality paper, rather dark in color. It looked like papyrus, the parchment paper used by the people of olden times to record important data. They were about eighteen inches across, when open. I had expected to see some ancient language or symbols recorded on these parchments, but imagine my surprise when I found the events of the past, present, and future there described in modern day English, in black ink and written in a beautiful longhand. As I leafed through them, I noticed that the pages seemed to be sewn together. Strangely enough, the records were not musty or even dusty, yet the room was not a vacuum. We could breathe easily, although there was no indication of a source of air.

The tablets told of events of the past from the beginning of the world to 1958. From 1958, they stated, there would be development of an unusual nature in many ways, until 1998. That period would be a "preparation for the coming of the Master." The end of this present Earth cycle, it was indicated, will be 1998.

Mr. X went on to tell us that there were other records buried in different underground areas that have never yet been revealed, and which pertain to the time beyond 1998. I learned, also, that there was another door leading from the room in which the Spaceship stood, but Mr. X didn't say when it would be opened . . . or by whom.

We had been inside the Spaceship for about two hours when my friends asked me if I wanted to make any more notes. (Fortunately, Mr. X had suggested that I might want to bring along some note paper, and how right he was!) I had made numerous notes and I replied that I thought I had taken down everything I needed to, and Mr. X said, "Alright, we'll leave then."

When we stepped out of the small ship, we stood again on the crackless stone floor, surrounded by the white limestone walls. I took a last look about me and, in doing so, I noticed that the ceiling was curved, rather than flat. Coming again to the end of the corridor, Mr. X flashed his little "pencil-light" toward the wall and the huge door opened again for us. As we went through into the corridor beyond, I looked back just in time to see the light within the Spaceship go softly out. The whole room was again in darkness as the great secret door closed behind us.

When we reached the surface again, we blinked for a few moments in the bright desert sun. The shadows were deepening, and my mind and heart were full. I didn't feel like talking and, fortunately, my companions understood. We got into the MG and, with a lingering look at the imposing structure arising from the sand, we drove back to the waiting Spaceship among the dunes.

Home, By Way Of Russia

Our homeward route took us over the Soviet Union, where I found out what the Saturnians had meant when they had said earlier that they would interfere, if necessary, with our continued use of atomic bombs. At the time I had remarked that the Earth people are quite stubborn, and asked how they would be able to stop them? They replied that they might have to do the same thing that was necessary with Russia: "just slap one back in your face!"

Now I could see most graphically what they meant. I saw a bomb-devastated area in Siberia. It was a hideous black scar several hundred miles long. There was absolutely nothing left in that desolate waste to indicate that there had recently been human and animal life there Not a trace remained of former homes and other buildings, nor of trees, birds and flowers. This, then, was what had happened when one of Russia's bombs fell back on her own territory. Heaven forbid that we should bring such disaster upon ourselves!

There was nothing in the papers about that colossal catastrophe, but it was shortly after it happened that we quit testing A-bombs. According to the Space People, Russia had invited representation of all governments to inspect this devastated area. They also told me that if any country tries to use an A-Bomb, it will fall back on the territory from which it is sent.

We passed over the Arctic Circle again, but this time we didn't land. On my first trip there, I had learned that the Earth was tilted at a dangerous twelve degrees off its normal position, and that there was a grave possibility that it might shift on its axis. But recently, I had been told that it had moved back to six degrees off center, and the danger had been averted. Believe me, I breathed a sigh of relief!

We were tracked by jets both on our flight to Egypt and on the return trip. We saw them on the radar scope and the view screen in the ship, and we heard many reports about the "mysterious missile," which was really the ship in which I was riding! On our way back as we hovered over Washington, D. C., we monitored the local newscasts which were also talking about the "mysterious missile."

Our trip to the Pyramids, over the Soviet Union and the Arctic Circle, and back to California took from the morning of February 9th to the late afternoon of the 11th!

As we landed again in the country-side where I had boarded the ship, I noticed that a couple of cars drove by on the highway, but they must not have seen us. At least they paid no attention to us.

It was difficult indeed, to convey my feeling to my friends. I was overwhelmed with the rare privilege which they had given me, and I felt most humble and grateful.

Then I got into my car and drove down the ramp and onto Angelus Crest Highway, north of Pasadena.

Now that I was literally "down to Earth" again, I had to give my attention to the lecture which I was scheduled to give that evening at 8 o'clock, at the Pasadena

unit of the Understanding organization. Well, I really had some startling surprises for them this time!

As I mused over the events of the past two days, it occurred to me that my thinking had undergone some subtle changes in a very short space of time.

I was brought up in the orthodox Lutheran faith, whose teachings are much the same as those of many of the major religions. I had always had a questioning mind, and there were many things for which I had never found answers, from any source. After the enlightenment of this newest and most thrilling experience, I realized that some of the things which had puzzled me most were now clear to me. The explanations had been simple, logical and unassuming, and they seemed to have "clicked" with a deeper knowingness which had been dormant within me. True, I had been stunned at first, but there had been no mental struggle to understand or to accept. It was as though a great Light had been turned on and, though its brilliance had first blinded me, I was no longer in the darkness.

Probably many of you have heard and read about this New Age which we have entered. There are many others throughout this Earth who, like me, have learned about life and the beings on other planets from some of those very beings themselves. We now realize that the "heavenly" sort of life, which most of us have heard about since Sunday-school days, is not only possible but is actually in existence on many other planets. We have learned that Venus is said to be the most highly evolved and the most beautiful of all the planets in our solar system. We also understand that our Earth has quite a way to go in evolving to what it could be!

Let me assure you that the Space People want only to see our eyes opened, so that we may help ourselves to bring about a "heavenly" existence on our own Earth, which is really a very beautiful planet.

I know that many of you have scoffed as you've read my message, and I can only agree that you are entitled to your opinion. But remember, my friends, that he who is wise does not ridicule or discredit, merely because he does not understand. He allows that "all things are possible."

The great Teacher, Jesus, said, "In my Father's house are many mansions . . ." No doubt He referred not only to the countless other planets, similar to ours in shape and substance, but to numberless other galaxies and solar systems . . . as well as to the infinite dimensions in consciousness, of which we have not yet even dreamed.

To you who accept these things, I say that there is much to be done. If you wish to be an active part of the establishing of an harmonious, peaceful and abundant life on our Earth for all people, your sincere desire will lead you to the right place to be of service.

My wonderful experiences are not over, for my Saturnian friends have promised me the greatest experience yet: a tour of the planets! On that occasion, they said, five other persons will be taken also, but I do not yet know who they will be.

There is much to look forward to, and I give you my solemn promise that I will faithfully bring to you the true messages from my space friends, as I receive them.

Meanwhile, let us all work together to make our Earth home a far better and happier place than it has ever been before.

* * * *

REINHOLD SCHMIDT

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WHAT FLYING SAUCERS ARE: We affirm that flying saucers are real, that they are in reality true spacecraft from other worlds having already accomplished the conquest of space that earth science hopes to achieve in the next few years. They are manned by people much like ourselves from many other planets, who are visiting and making contact with various persons of our planet

for the purpose of imparting vital information, in a gradual manner, which can be used for the benefit of all men of earth.

SPACE PEOPLE REVEAL SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS: It is quite easy for the more advanced people of other planets, having long ago solved the type of problems which seem so insurmountable to men of earth today, to reveal the solutions which can help the people of Earth in our present time of great crisis. We deplore the actions of our present leaders in withholding information on this subject which is so vital to the health and welfare of our people, our nation, and the world.

IN THIS ISSUE: Reinhold Schmidt's Contacts With The Saturnians

1. Nov. 5, 1957 — Kearney, Nebr. (Aboard landed 100' Spaceship for 30 minutes.)
2. Feb. 5, 1958 — Kearney, Nebr. (Short ride aboard 100' Saturnian Spaceship.)
3. April 1958 — Tulsa, Okla. (Aboard landed 100' ship for 2 hours.)
4. August 14-19, 1958 — Mohave, Calif. (40,000 mile per hour ride to Arctic Circle and under the ice cap in a 200' Spacecraft for a 4 day trip.)
5. Jan. 24, 1960 — Bakersfield, Calif. (200' craft taken aboard mile long "carrier" Spacecraft. U.S. and Russian missiles on display aboard "carrier" craft.)
6. Feb. 9-11, 1960 — Bakersfield, Calif. (200' and "carrier" Spacecraft trip to Great Pyramid of Gizeh in Egypt.)